Prince Well, here is my leg.

Falſ: And here is my ſpeech, ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Falſ: Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Falſ: For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene,
For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hot. O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as euer I ſee.

Falſ. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.
Harry, I do not only maruell, where thou ſpendeſt thy time: but alſo, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammomil the more it is troden on, the faſter it growes: yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villainous tricke of thine eie, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to mee, heere lieth the point: why, being ſonne to me, arte thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen prooue a micher, and eate blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as antient writers doe reporte) dooth defile: ſo dooth the company thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I do not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince What maner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Falſ. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleaſing eie, and a moſt noble carriage, and as I think, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to three ſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtalfe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree; then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtalfe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tel me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where haſt thou bin this month?

Prince

Prince Doſt thou ſpeake like a king? do thou ſtand for me and ile play my father.

Falſt. Depoſe me; if thou doſt it halfe ſo gracely, ſo maieſtically both in worde and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a rabbet ſucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prince Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſt. And here I ſtand, iudge, my maſters.

Prince Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falſt. My noble Lord, from Eaſtcheape.

Prince The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falſt. Zblood my Lord, they are falſe: nay, ile tickle yee for a yong Prince I faith.

Prince Swearest thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne're look on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a deuell haunts thee, in the likeneſſe of an old fat man, a tun of man is thy companion: why doſt thou conuerſe with that truncke of humours, that boulting hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne parcell of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſacke, that ſtuft cloake-bag of guts, that roſted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that vanitie in yeeres, wherein is he good? but to taſte ſacke & drink it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat it? wherein in cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſt. I would your grace would take mee with you, whom meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abhominable miſleader of youth: Falſtalffe, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince I know thou doeſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that hee is olde, the more the pitie, his white haires doe witneſſe it: but that he is, ſauing your reuerence, a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if ſacke and ſugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſinne, thē many an old hoſt that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, thē Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord, baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardol, baniſh Poines, but for ſweet Iacke

 Falſtalffe,